

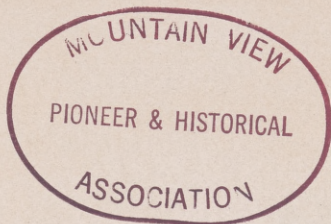
... The ...
Blue and Gray

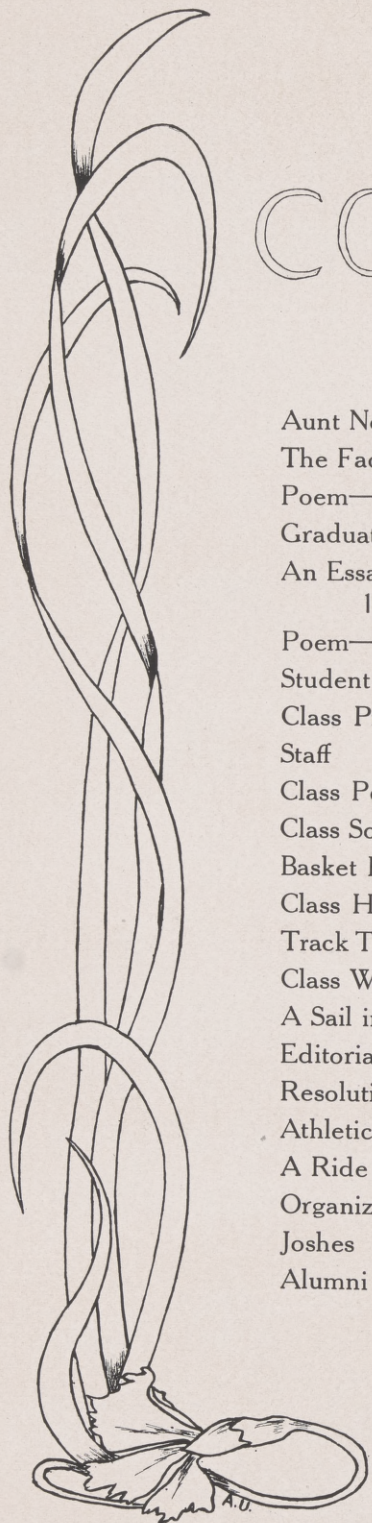


June, 1909

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Climb
Though The Rocks
Be Rugged

Naughty Nine Class Yell.



Rah!

Rah!

Rah!

Rah!

Rah!

Rah!

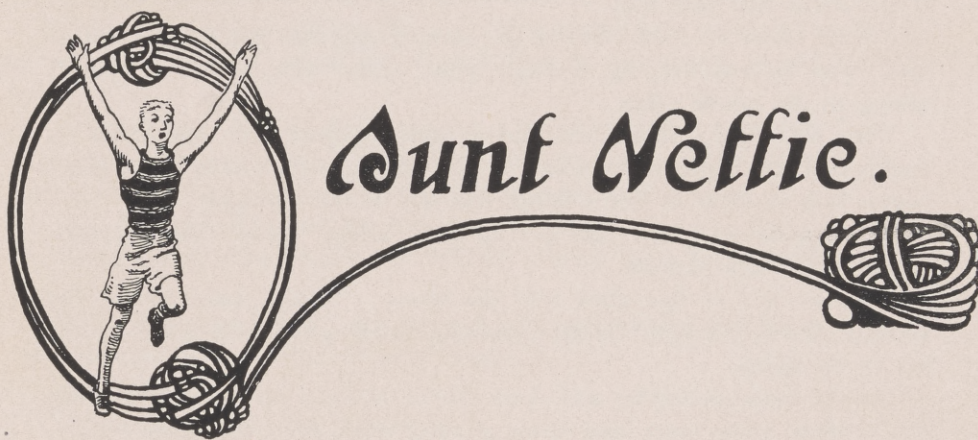
BANG!!

'09.

The Blue and Gray

Published by the
STUDENTS OF THE MOUNTAIN VIEW HIGH SCHOOL

Mountain View, Cal., June 17, 1909



LIZZIE SNYDER, '11.



EE whiz, boys, I hate to go in."

"Why, Len West, you hate to go home? 'Fess up! What's wrong?"

"Old maid aunt on a visit; haven't seen her for five years," was Len's short answer. The boys laughed good naturedly and flung themselves down on the grass.

Somehow they all had the habit of landing on Len's lawn after school, and not one of the four could have told why he had been asked. Len followed the boys' example and soon the old maid aunt was forgotten by the jolly five until Bob, the tallest of the crowd, spoke suddenly.

"Say, Len, what about the fair aunt?"

"Bob, there's no hope for you. She's forty-nine and positively never had a proposal in her life." The boys laughed again, for they remembered Aunt Melissa. She had made life miserable for Len and the folks for two weeks and even the boys steered clear of the "Woman's Suffrage" aunt.

"Any relation to Melissa?" Jim asked slowly. Jim was ready to pity Len.

"Relation? Her elder sister." A groan of agony greeted this piece of news.

"Come visit me while she's here," said Bob.

"And me and me," echoed the rest in a hurry.

"Aunt Melissa said you musn't play ball, and heaven knows what this aunt will say," continued Bob. "And now we need you for the track and I suppose that will be as bad."

"But, fellows, it's track that bothers me, for Aunt Melissa said it was immodest," was Len's discouraging answer.

"Len, you just come over to the house and then you can train anyway." Bob always had a way to get out of a difficulty. Plainly Len was discouraged. The folks were not able to send him to High School and so his aunts had sent him.

"Well, cheer up, Len. We've got to be going, but you'll come out all fine," was the encouraging farewell from "Slim," who had been silently taking in the whole affair.

"Say, but it is a shame she had to show up just now, and track on. Len is our only hope in the mile. Why, fellows, we'll lose without him," began Bob as soon as Len's home was left in the distance.

"Yes, and—well he's just got to run," added "Slim" determinedly. "Slim" was track captain.

Meanwhile Len had gone into the house. "Why, Aunt Nettie, I'm awfully glad to see you," he said, shaking hands with her and welcoming her to his home.

As the days passed by and Aunt Nettie showed no signs of leaving, her nephew grew more and more gloomy until even the boys became impatient with him.

"Come out, anyway, for track," "Slim" said coaxingly. "You can train after school and she need never know."

"As for training, I couldn't. She'd find out sooner or later, and if she didn't find out I couldn't go to Bay View High School that way, under false pretenses. I guess you will have to do without me."

The meet was to come off the Saturday before Christmas and Len would graduate the next week.

"I don't see why Aunt Nettie won't go home before Christmas. Perhaps she will. I'll risk it, anyhow, and train for the next three weeks, a little," was his final announcement and the boys went wild with joy.

Things as far as examinations and graduation were concerned were all right, but Aunt Nettie still stayed on.

One day he went home and found the family busy fixing up a Christmas box for Aunt Melissa. Len looked up in surprise. "Why, isn't Aunt Nettie going home for Christmas?" The query was innocent enough, but Aunt Nettie did not see it that way.

"No, Leonard Sylveston West, I'm not going home if you do wish it. You don't even act decent to your mother's sister, and you even keep

your boy friends away because I am here and you're ashamed of me."

"Aunt Nettie, I haven't kept the boys away, and I'll ask them over Wednesday evening to meet you," and Len escaped.

It wasn't much use to think of track after that; everything seemed cloudy, and everyone happy except him. The boys were coming that night just for his sake. "Of course, you realize what it means to me," Len had said when the boys had accepted his invitation to meet Aunt Nettie.

Len was nervous all through dinner, and soon after the boys' arrival they were ushered into the parlor to meet Aunt Nettie. They talked of weather, crops and flowers until at last Len said he heard his mother's voice and went out to get the apples he knew she had ready to divert the attention of all. "So you are in my nephew's classes?" said the little lady. The boys all nodded. "And don't any of you enter athletics?" The boys were startled. The fatal question!

"Why, yes," at last Bob spoke up. "We are all interested in baseball except 'Slim,'—er—I mean Mr. Friegh, and he is captain of the track team."

"Indeed," was her dry little answer. And then, after a silence, "You know my sister and I are going to send Leonard to college, at least we were going to, but I've been very much disappointed in him."

"Oh, Miss Groff!" said the four boys at once.

"Yes; a boy who hasn't any athletic ability isn't fit for college of any sort."

"But," spoke up "Slim" and stopped; the rest nodded and he went on. "We thought you objected to such things."

"I? Why?"

"Your sister did! She told us so."

"Oh, my dear boys; my sister is an old maid; I am a spinster." The dear old lady blushed and the boys laughed.

"I'm glad, Miss Groff, but it puts Len in a bad place," was "Slim's" next remark.

"I'd like to know why?"

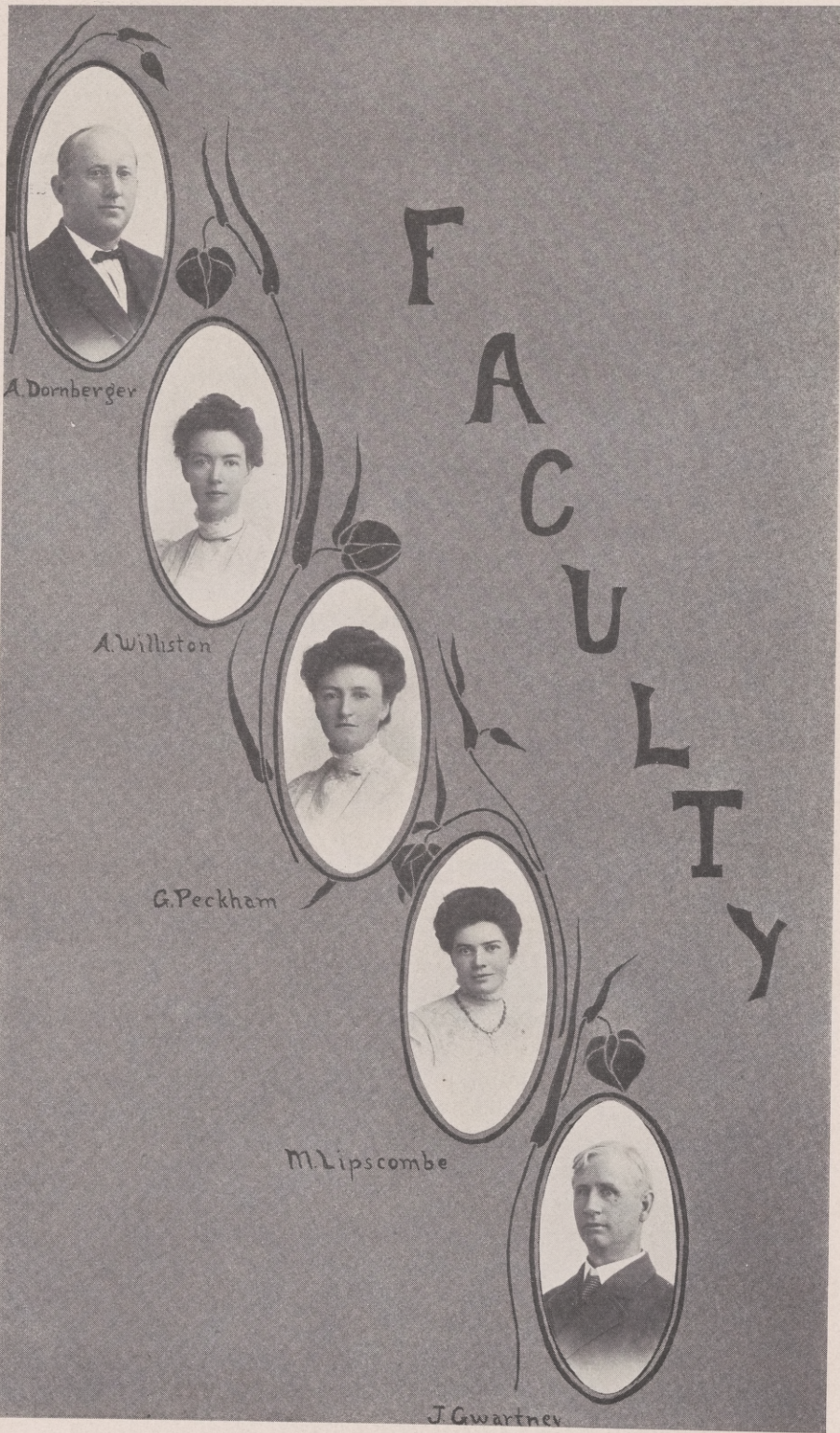
"Well, he gave up track so that he would not displease you by running in such immodest clothes."

"Immodest? Why, that sounds like sister. Indeed, boys, if Leonard could run a mile decently I'd send him to college in a minute." Just then Len entered and the four affectionately mobbed him and took turns shaking Aunt Nettie's hand.

The track meet came off next day and a month after Leonard Sylveston West entered college.



F
A
C
U
L
T
Y



A. Dornberger

A. Williston

G. Peckham

M. Lipscombe

J. Gwartney

The Seniors



ROY FRICK, '09

If you will but listen,
I will sing you a song;
It will not be witty,
And not very long.

I'll sing of the Seniors
Who think themselves wise,
But never play hookey,
Or tell awful lies.

The first is Miss Jenny,
Our President great,
Who works for the class
Both early and late.

The next one is Mary,
Of temper quite flary,
If you don't want a scrap
You'd better be wary.

And here is Miss Rosa,
With manners quite haughty;
She whispers quite often,
But not to be naughty.

Just watch little Nelly,
Who cannot sit still;
She laughs and she giggles,
But works with a will.

And now comes Miss Frieda,
Who in German excels,
But she always comes in
After one or two bells.

Here Agnes comes next,
Who would give up her all
If she could but play
Some more basket-ball.

The next one is Fanny,
Who never does know
Her lesson in Civics,
And thus comes to woe.

And now at the last
Our Tibby comes late;
She always does that,
It must be her fate.

And now of the boys,
Jack Sinz may be known
By his jolly big laugh,
Which sounds overgrown.

And there is Roy Frick;
Shall I say it or no?
There is little in German
He really does know.

And there is Ab. Dickson,
Who sleeps every day,
And never wakes up
Except for to play.

And this is the end.
A moral you seek?
You couldn't find one
If you searched for a week.



GRADUATES.



Jennie Cushing came into our midst during the Freshman year and has been with us ever since. At first appearance you might think her dignified but do not be misled by the first impression. Just meet her once. She hails from Sunnyvale and is what might be termed a "fine" student. In fact, the class thought so much of her that they elected her class president, which position she has filled very efficiently.

Roy Frick is also a charter member of the class. His naturally quiet disposition has made it hard to find out so very much about him, but if you want anything done just call on Roy. He says the only thing he regrets on graduating is that he will have to give up his German. Cheer up, Roy, they may take you back as a P. G.



Mary Eastwood seems to be modest and yet we are inclined to think otherwise, for when asked about her good qualities, she simply answered: "I have 'Nunn', and then I sometimes think I haven't." Now, if you can't figure out the meaning of that answer, just ask Charles and he will cheerfully answer all questions. On the whole Mary is a charming young lady and generally manages to keep those around her in good spirits.



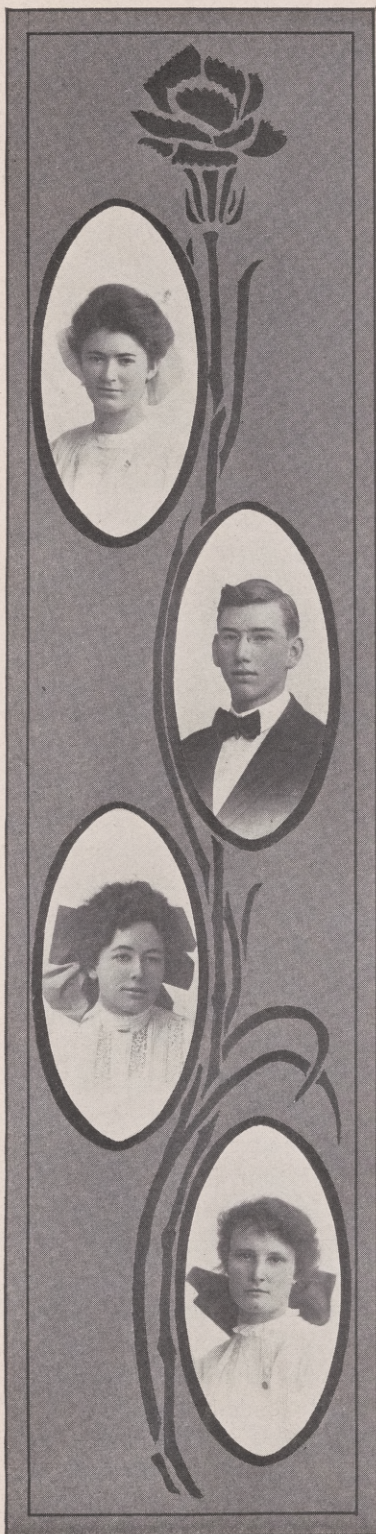
Rosa Baker is the flower of our class, for we can boast of but one "Red Rose." She is a young lady of sterling character and varied accomplishments. We do not know what we should have done without Rosa, as she is a charter member of the class. If you ever feel "blue" just go to Rosa for her jolly disposition is a sure cure.



Those who do not know John Sinz as John may be familiar with him as "Pink Whiskers." He is one of our brightest students, and is certainly a model in class. The faculty have been seriously thinking of keeping him to exhibit to future classes as a "model boy." John's strong point is work, of which he never seems to tire.



Miriam Burton is "as modest as a daisy." It is impossible to get her to say anything about herself. She has been with us for four years. Glee Club kindly took her in and it wasn't long before her sweet voice attracted attention. She was finally elected president of that organization. She is also Josh Editor, so steer clear of her, if you do not wish to be in the josh column.



This is Agnes Urban. We couldn't begin to tell all her good points, even if we did have the room. Her hobby is basket ball and she certainly can play some. If you have any doubts about Agnes' ability to play, just inquire of Prof. Avery of the San Jose High School, or Prof. Daly of the San Jose Normal. She is also staff artist.



Albert Dickson came into our midst at the beginning of the Senior year and we all wished he had come sooner. He went to work with a will and is a "star" in all subjects. The Freshmen stand quite in awe of this great Senior. He is President of the Literary Society and assistant editor of the Blue and Gray. We have heard vague rumors that he can rough-house, but his saintly disposition makes this hard to believe.



Ysabel Morton is another one that has been here the regulation time of four years. She has been a regular politician since she came, having been President and Secretary of the Student Body, Secretary of the Literary Society, Manager of the Basket Ball team and Editor of the Blue and Gray. Ysabel has always taken an active interest in student affairs, having been a member of the "Champion" Basket Ball team. She is also a model in the class room, especially the sixth hour, and if you do not believe it just ask Miss Peckham.



This is Nellie Garliepp, our Student Body President. "Little One" is the name she generally answers to. If you want to know anything about the hay-ride to Los Gatos just ask Nellie—she was there and knows all about it. Nellie is one of our brightest students, but of all her subjects, she excels in Civics. If you want any reference concerning her ability in this line apply to Miss Peckham. Student Body will be lost when Nellie graduates, as she was the life of that organization.

An Essay on American History

Written in 11357 A. D.

ROBERT HODGSON, '11.



Present the American nation comprises only the world and no part of our sister planets. We are in daily communication with Mars and, indeed, some hardy aeronauts have actually reached the frigid moon. Soon we hope to have airships daily carrying passengers to Mars and back. We shall then endeavor to possess a part, if not all, of Mars, for the people there have no active government, but live on the community plan.

From out of the cloud of legends and stories of the early American nation the first fact of acceptance is that it was founded in the North-western Hemisphere. The home of man was in Africa, and Benjamin Franklin discovered the land we commonly call Columbia. This land was settled by the Amazons from Turkey, who practiced the art of spinning chiefly. The next fact generally believed to be true is the story of the Boston Tea Party under the direction of Caesar, Cato and Cicero. This convention was chiefly concerning the nomination of Nestor for the office of President. We do not know the result.

Soon the Revolutionary war between this new nation, the United States, and Switzerland followed. Authors disagree as to whether the war was with Switzerland or Montenegro, but we take the Swiss side. The chief generals were Homer and Bryan. In a series of campaigns the Swiss were defeated.

About this time the Dutch invented beer and the expression, "You're tipsy" started. This was because when full of that food—beer—you were easy to tip over. Seeing the evils of this food, Roosevelt declared war against Peter Stuyvesant and defeated him at Thermopylae. The instrument he used was the Light Cavalry, and to commemorate this victory Webster wrote his matchless "Charge of the Light Brigade."

Concerning the cause of the next war we can find nothing. All we know is that Longboat captured Bunker Hill from the Chinese in just two hours and fifteen minutes. This practically ended the strife.

One fact we find considerable written about was the elopement of Helen of Chicago with the pugilist Rockefeller. A war followed between the servants of the two parties, and everybody had to take either one side or the other. Thus the expression rose, "Are you a Democrat or a

Republican?" After several pitched battles Dewey in a decisive conflict destroyed the allied forces of the Republicans.

A new nation is here introduced for Cupid, son of Helen and John D. Rockefeller sailed to Japan and opened her doors to the commerce of the world.

Following upon, and partly as a result of this act, came a hated yellow fever. Hannibal, the most skilled doctor of the age, discovered that by the killing of horses that carried this disease he could stamp the plague out. Accordingly this was done.

About ten years after this, two terrible disasters occurred, namely, the great Lisbon earthquake in Florida and the raising of the tariff by Jackson.

But, kind reader, I must close or I will miss my Aeroplane.



The Departure from Manila



JOSEPH PASAOL, '11

Beneath our feet our shadow fell,
A rounded spot on scorching sand.
We saw the billows, swell on swell,
Beat high against the rocky strand.

We heard the Captain's stern command
To "Portadores,"—"Prunto, ho!"
The launch piled high, soon leaves the land,
The cables drawn with "Ho! Yo ho!"

Our trunks and baggage quickly stored
Upon the "Shawmut," wide and long;
The swinging stairs were quickly lowered
And we're aboard with merry song.

From his eternal home the sun
At noon sent down his burning rays;
From which the sweltering throng to shun,
A canopy made fast with ropes and stays.

Farewells were said; and then we heard
Of anchor's chains the grating sound;
And then the pilot gave the word
To steer the ship from danger's bound.

Across the bay a deafening sound was sent;
The palpitating engines lend
A quickening thrill of life, intent
On one more greeting home to send.

We passed the gates of Corregidor,
Now fades the landscape from our sight.
Our native land we see no more,
As day is darkened into night.



Nellie Garliepp - Pres.

STUDENT

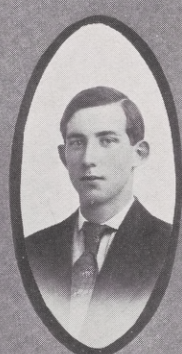
BODY



Frank Herbert - 1st Vice



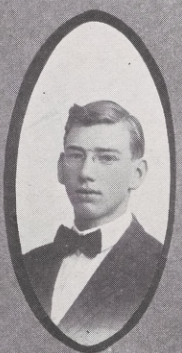
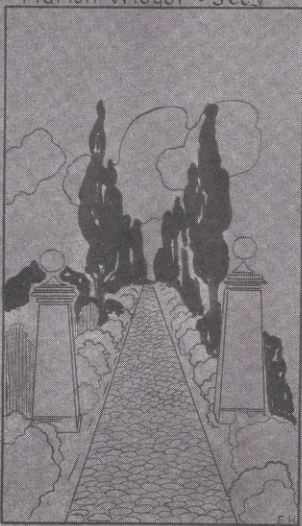
Marion Wieger - Sec'y



Bernard Mason - Treas.



Charles Moore - 2d Vice



Albert Dickson - Sgt. at Arms



AGNES URBAN and NELLIE GARLIEPP.



CENE: Private office. Agnes anticipating visit from an old schoolmate. Notices poster announcing lecture by Nellie Garliepp. "My, how the time does fly. Here is that lecture by Nellie Garliepp coming off tomorrow. Why! she was to call and see me tonight. It is almost time she was here." (Knock is heard. Enter Nellie with bundle of old letters containing records of classmates.)

"Can this be Agnes Urban? I have heard of your great fame during your Stanford career, and was glad to hear that you had taken up the study of science. I was more than delighted with your little book, 'The Properties of Radium'."

"Yes, I intend publishing another book soon. Where have you been all this time?"

"Oh, I have been doing various things. You remember Prof. Gwartney who used to teach Chemistry in High. He is now Governor of the Philippines. He spent a great deal of time there prior to his teaching in Mountain View, so was an excellent man for the place. He has made many improvements for the bettering of the conditions of the people. The United States always felt it a duty to keep the Philippines until someone was capable of handling affairs there. Mr. Gwartney was the right man for the place, so he now has full control of the islands. He desired me to tell all the members of the Class of Nineteen Hundred Nine that he would be pleased to have them visit him for a couple of months. He said he would give them a royal good time. I acted as his private secretary for three years, and enjoyed my work

there very much, but as I wanted to finish my book of records of the class of '09, I gave up my position to search for new data. That is why I called on you this evening. I thought you might have letters from some of them. I have a great many myself."

"Yes, I can help you out with a few, but yours first. I have often wondered what had become of the rest of our classmates. Do read some of those you have."

All right, I will. Here is one from Dr. Dickson:

"Hopedale, May 10, 1920.

"Dear Friend: At present I am located at Hopedale, having been here for a short time. After leaving High School I attended Jefferson Medical College of Pennsylvania, from thence I went to the University of Vienna and specialized on surgery. I intend, in the near future, to open a Sanitarium here in the Sierras. I think that this is sufficient to enable you to compile your reference book. I have a cosy home here where I shall be glad to welcome my old friends.

"Sincerely yours,

ALBERT DICKSON."

"You know the skill of Dr. Dickson is world renowned. The new discoveries he has made have revolutionized the study of medicine.

"Why, that must be the Dr. Dickson whose advertisement appeared in the last copy of the Blue and Gray."

"Yes, that is he. He has not forgotten his Alma Mater. And here is one from Jennie Cushing. Listen:

"Dear Nell: I received your letter, asking for information for your record of the Class of Nineteen Hundred Nine, and I want to congratulate you for taking up this interesting work. I am at present teaching in the Mayfield High School. I have lived up to my vow to be an old maid. You see, I had so many admirers that it was hard for me to decide which one to take. I enjoy teaching very much, especially in a town like Mayfield, the climate being delightful—dry in winter as well as in summer.

"Sincerely yours,

JENNIE CUSHING."

"I wonder if she really couldn't choose. But you cannot always tell. Have you one from John Sinz?"

"John Sinz? Oh, yes; here it is:

"Berlin, Germany, January 5, 1920.

"Friend Nellie: I am quite busy at present composing a new opera to be presented before the Emperor of Germany in the near future, so will not be able to write a long letter. I have graduated from the Imperial Conservatory of Berlin, and have been touring Europe during

the past year. The Hon. Will Goodwin, Ambassador to Great Britain, entertained me during my stay in England. I intend to visit America soon, where I have been invited to lead the Symphony Orchestra.

"Sincerely yours,

JOHN SINZ."

"Yes, John came back last year, and it was only a short time ago that I read of his marriage to a prominent young lady of Sunnyvale. I don't remember her name."

"So John is married, is he? Well, I wish him success and happiness. I know you will be interested in this one from Mary Eastwood:

"Castro, Cal., June 20, 1920.

"Dear Nellie: My class in Chemistry is just over and I will snatch a few moments to answer your inquiry of the 17th inst. before my German class begins. I have been conducting a seminary for young ladies at Castro for a number of years. I am very particular about propriety and never allow the girls to entertain their gentlemen callers unless I am present with my knitting. I do not favor basket ball, for fear the girls may become boisterous. Delsarte and croquet furnish the necessary exercises. My students are models of propriety and are my best recommendation to any who may be seeking a finishing school for their young daughters.

"Sincerely yours,

MARY EASTWOOD."

"Oh, here is one from Rosa Baker. I know you will be surprised when you hear it:

"Timbuctoo, Africa, July 16, 1920.

"Dear Nell: After numerous forwardings your letter arrived, and I determined to answer immediately. It is rather difficult to write a letter from these unknown wilds. I was sent here by the African Missionary Society as governess to the children of the chieftain of the tribe. They are somewhat hard to control, and the little savages will insist on wearing their collars and trousers turned up, but I hope that under my good influence they will grow up to be good and worthy citizens.

"Sincerely yours,

ROSA BAKER."

"So Rosa is a missionary? Well, I declare it is the last thing I would expect. She was always such a jolly girl that I almost thought that I would hear that she was leading the gay life of an actress. You remember Roy Frick, do you not. I wonder if you haven't a letter from him?"

"Why, yes, I know I received one from him. I wonder where it can be. I'm sure I brought it. Here it is:

"LaGrange, Texas, May 30, 1920.

"Friend Nellie: I have taken up farming and have made quite a success of it. I own at present about four hundred acres of land here, and am harvesting my crops now. I suppose you have heard of my new invention? I took out the last patent on April 30. It is a combination flour mill with a devise for making bread, and my wife finds it by far the handiest article for the kitchen that she has ever seen, as it can be folded up small enough to fit into a fruit box. Hoping to receive one of your valuable books, I remain,

"Sincerely,
ROY FRICK."

"Why, Roy must be married, then."

"Certainly; I know his wife personally. She was a member of the Class of 1911. I received a letter from her the other day and she said that between the farm work and assisting the three children with their German, Roy is kept quite busy."

"Speaking of German, reminds me of Ysabel Morton. She used to be an A No. 1 scholar in German. I have neither seen nor heard of her since graduation night."

"Well, here is a letter I received a few days ago:

"New York, June 5, 1920.

"My Dear Nellie: At last I have found time to drop you a line. I have closed an engagement with the Metropolitan Opera Company, and after a successful tour of England have arrived home safe and sound. My opera was received everywhere with great enthusiasm, but I am now going to take up settlement work in the New York slums. I suppose you remember the stories our Civics teacher used to tell us. Well they have so preyed on my mind that I am going to devote my life and wealth to bettering the conditions of the children. Later on I intend to publish a book of my experience. I will surely send you one when completed.

"Remember me as your school mate,
YSABEL MORTON."

"Don't you know those stories told in the Civics Class made a deep impression on me, also, and more than once I have been tempted to take up the settlement work. I'm glad Ysabel has become interested in it, though, because she was always such an earnest worker, that I know she will make a success of it."

"Surely, it is just the kind of work she is fitted for. Now, those are all the letters I have received. Have you one from Miriam? Somehow I could never keep track of her."

"I just received this letter yesterday:

"Tardville, Cal., June 1, 1920.

"Dear Agnes: I have been so busy lately that I can hardly find time to answer all my correspondents. I suppose you know that I am

married now? Well, I had the worst experience you ever heard. I was visiting Alviso just prior to my wedding, and intended to leave there two days before the ceremony, but missed my train. You know the trains only run once in two days, so I had to borrow a horse and buggy and arrived five hours late. The folks were almost frantic, but we had the ceremony the next day. I have finished writing a book entitled "The Value of Being On Time," and have started another on "Why Women Should Be Allowed the Use of the Ballot." I am also writing a short essay on "Woman Suffrage," to be delivered before the Woman's Club next Thursday.

"Hoping to hear from you soon, I am as ever,

MIRIAM."

"Miriam was always arguing on the woman's rights question. I guess she will be running for Mayor of Sunnyvale before long."

"Here are a few letters from the Faculty, that I thought you would like to hear. This one is from Miss Williston:

"Leipsic, Germany, August 10, 1920.

"Dear Nellie: At last my desire has been fulfilled. I have taken up my residence here for five years. I have invented a new system for teaching German. By my method Freshmen can learn to speak German fluently in three weeks. So, you see, that with this system German is bound to become the language of the civilized world.

"I suppose you know that Rosa Baker is in Africa? I just received an announcement of her wedding to the chieftain of the tribe where she was doing missionary work.

"With best regards, I am, as ever,

MOTHER WILLISTON."

"So Miss Williston has given up teaching at last. I don't see how she manages to get along without teaching something. I guess Rosa's engagement was announced after you received your letter. I wonder if he has an automobile? If so that is the reason she married. You know, she always did want an auto."

"This one is from Miss Peckham. She is in a terrible quandary. Listen to this:

"Washington, D. C., August 7, 1920.

"Dear Nellie: I will take a few minutes from my interesting work to answer your letter. I have almost finished the revision of the Constitution and hope that it will prove satisfactory. I have been working night and day on it for the past six months. I have gone over every article carefully and can find no flaws. Will send you a copy as soon as it comes from the printer.

"Sincerely yours,

MISS PECKHAM."

"Yes, and I hope she has fixed the number of Supreme Court Judges. You know she always said that the failure to limit the number was a great defect."

"And I also hope she has a good scheme for Municipal Government. That was a hobby of hers, too."

"Here is one from Mr. Dornberger."

"What does he say?"

"Paree, July 4, 1920.

"Dear Nellie: I have just gotten out my new geometry in which I have eclipsed Euclid and put Euripides in the shade. By the way, he had been a shade for a good many years. I am preparing a speech to deliver before the Royal Society in which I hope to be able to prove conclusively the necessity for the preservation of triangles. I still firmly believe that there is nothing like higher Mathematics. May it never be degraded to any human use.

"Sincerely yours,

A. L. DORNBERGER."

"Der Liebe Herr Professor! I am sure the Geometry class of our High School must have been his inspiration. How interesting it is to receive those from the Faculty. Have you one from Miss Lipscombe?"

"Yes, I'm sure it is in here somewhere. Here it is! See what a pretty stamp it has. Her's is from Italy.

"Venice, Italy, February 22, 1920.

"Dear Nellie: Today made me think of High School, as we used to have our parties on this day. See Venice and die! This is the loveliest spot for an artist. No doubt you will be pleased to learn that one of my pictures has been hung in the Louvre, and I have received an order to retouch the walls of St. Mark.

"Delma Phelps will be my assistant. I would be happy to see any of you who might be traveling in these parts.

"Sincerely yours,

MISS LIPSCOMBE."

"I am glad to hear of Miss Lipscombe's success. She was of great assistance to us in the art work of our school paper, 'The Blue and Gray.'"

"Those are all the letters I have. I am quite proud of our class. I always knew they would make their mark and be heard of in the Hall of Fame sooner or later. I have a few of the plates of my new book finished. If you will come with me I will show them to you."

"And now the letters are finished,

I have told them one by one,

And all of the least and the greatest

Have interesting lives to come.

"They've worked in school life and life's school—
Their success is assured to all;
I'm sure we've enjoyed their reminiscence—
'Twas more than a joy to recall.

"Dear friend, I thank you for coming;
Come again, when chance allows;
Again we will sit by the fireside,
Recalling old friends, old vows.

"And as we look into the future,
And back again into the past,
Give thanks for the bond of affection,
That binds us one to the last."





Ysabel Morton, *Editor*

Albert Dickson, *Assistant Editor*

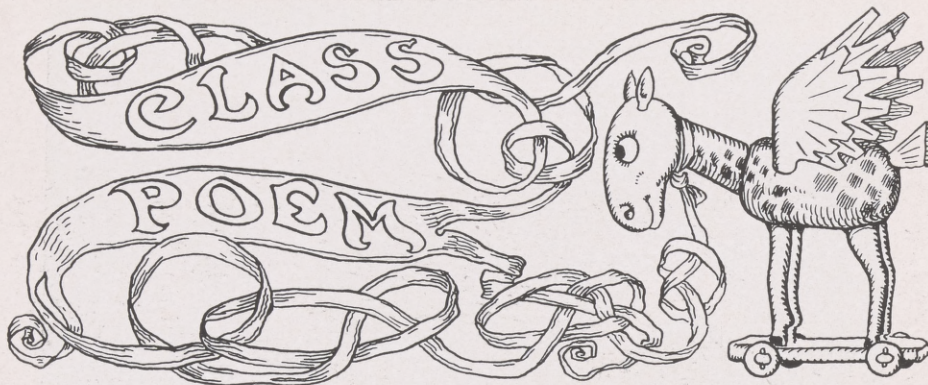
Miriam Burton, *Joshes*

Agnes Urban, *Artist*

Dan Ames, *Business Manager*

John Sinz, *Athletics*

Jennie Cushing, *Organizations*



MIRIAM BURTON, '09

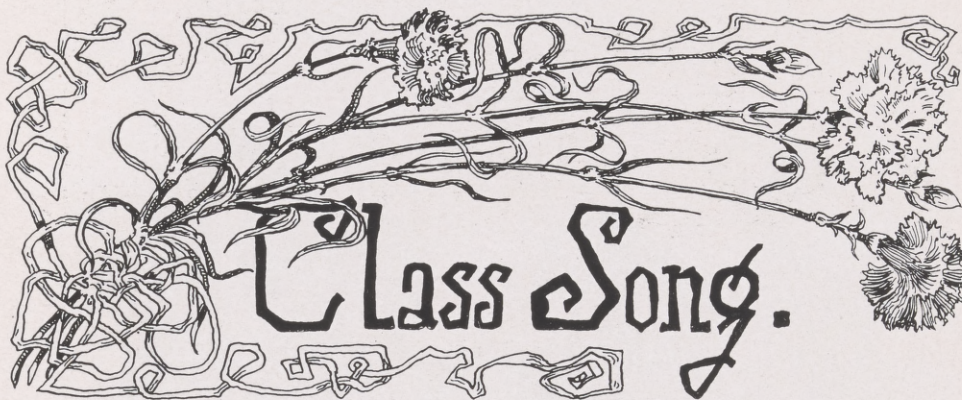
See, in yonder pleasant valley
At the lofty mountain's base,
Stands a traveler. He is pausing
Ere the ascent he undertakes.
He's deciding.

Now he turns, and with decision
Starts upon his upward climb,
Never wavering, never faltering,
Heeding not the flight of time.
For he's earnest.

Up the mountain steep he presses,
Over crag, through deep ravine,
Till its sunny crest he reaches,
Whence the valley may be seen
Far below.

And we, too, are naught but travelers
Up the mountain that's called life.
Many hardships are before us—
Long and bitter 'll be the strife,
On our journey.

But though obstacles assail us,
Trouble comes, and failure mocks,
Don't lose courage, but press onward,
Climb, though rugged be the rocks,
To the heights.



YSABEL MORTON, '09

1 We shall climb, though the rocks be rugged,
And the pathway be not smooth;
For "Excelsior!" is our standard,
And success we shall never lose.

Chorus: []

So here's to "Naughty Nine,"
May our colors be the sign
Of a strong and lasting deep affection
For the dear old Mountain View High
May our lives with virtue ever shine,
Oh, hail to the "Naughty Nines."

2 Day by day we have builded our foundations,
And have made them firm and strong;
And they'll each prove their strength and never
As the years swiftly glide along. [totter

Chorus:

3 When the bright days of High School are over
And the parting draws so near,
Still the bond that has joined us so firmly
Will to us then be doubly dear.

Chorus:



Upper Row--Inez Thorn, Fanny Distel, (*Mgr.*), Jennie Cushing, Lizzie Snyder.
Lower Row--Pearl True, Agnes Urban, (*Captain*), Ysabel Morton.



MARY C. EASTWOOD, '09.



WHEN we, the class of Naughty-Nine, entered the spacious halls of the High School for the first time in September, 1905, it was with trembling and fear. We were known as the Freshmen, a name of which we were very proud, even though at times it was hard to bear the brunt of all the upper classmen's teasing, for tease us they certainly did. They called us "babies" and "freshies," and said, "Oh, they're so green they couldn't even burn."

It was not a very large class, numbering only twenty-seven, yet we thought we were the most important in the whole school.

The first few weeks were spent mostly in getting acquainted with the Faculty, choosing our friends and becoming familiar with our books. On the 26th of September the upper classmen tendered us a reception. It was then we began to realize our importance. The building was prettily decorated and on the front board in one assembly room were blazoned the words, "Welcome, Ye Freshmen." After this social gathering we seemed to become better acquainted with the rest of the students and it was only once in a great while that we were called "babies."

Time quickly passed in study and fun. The Christmas holidays had come and gone as had also the first semester finals.

On February 22nd a fancy dress party was given in the High School building, which was greatly enjoyed by all.

Nothing of much importance happened until April. On the night of the 17th, we put our books away as usual and went home to prepare our lessons for the morrow. But no need! Who will ever forget that morning—April 18, 1906? There was no school for a week, in order that the building could be repaired. When we did go back it was with sober faces and with sad experiences to tell.

As June approached we, the Freshmen, were asked to help plan a reception to the graduates. As our principal and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Lee, and also our class teacher, Miss Virginia Kelly, were about to leave us, two receptions were held the last week of school.

Slowly, but pleasantly, the summer months passed, and finally the opening day of school came round. We were Sophomores! Of course, for the first day or two, we were rather quiet, getting accustomed to our new surroundings. Miss Alice Williston was our class teacher and the only one left of our first year's faculty. Mr. Dornberger was our new principal and Miss Gertrude Peckham and Miss Marie Simon the new teachers.

It was soon noticeable that many of our original number had already left. As soon as possible, we organized as a class. Louis Dickson was chosen our President and Nellie Garliepp our Secretary. We chose as our colors the famous cardinal and white, and also chose a small silver pin. We felt our importance more than ever when they arrived and we wore our class emblems.

The fruit season was nearly over, the last prune out drying in the sun, when once more we wended our way toward the school house on the county road. At last we were Juniors, but how we had dwindled in numbers! Only ten of us were left. Most of the absent ones had gone to Business College, yet some were gone for other reasons. One of our number was suddenly taken ill and forced to leave the ranks, while another left us to be gone for a year.

During our Junior year Miss Peckham was our class teacher, and she helped us in many ways.

Immediately after the Freshman reception, we elected our new class officers. Fanny Distel was elected President and it is to her untiring efforts that we owe the success of our social affairs that year. We decided to adopt a new pin, as none of us cared for the old one, and finally chose the dainty gold emblem, so dear to all the hearts of the class of '09. We also chose the dark red carnation as our class flower.

It was during this year that one of our instructors, Miss Marie Simon, was forced to leave school on account of sickness. We were sorry to part with her, and missed her in many ways. Her position was filled by Miss Dillon.

In the vacation, we decided to give a picnic. Fifty of our classmates, with Miss Williston and Mrs. Morton for chaperones, met at the school house and were driven to the grounds. Everyone declared that he had a fine time, although there were no spoons to eat with, no salt, and someone had taken the sandwiches.

Following the picnic, we tendered the Senior class a reception at Miss Distel's home. A very enjoyable evening was spent by all and we were heartily congratulated on our success as hosts and hostesses.

On March 26th, the Seniors planted a palm before the High School building. Before morning that palm had grown nine juicy lemons! Of

course we Juniors knew nothing about them! Oh, no!

This year was a very successful one for the girls' athletics, and why should it not be when there were five Junior girls on the team? Both the captain and the business manager were Juniors, too!

At last came the day when we were "high and mighty Seniors!" "Red Rose" had come back from Eureka and Albert Dickson of the class of Naughty Eight had joined us after a year's absence. Fanny Distel was in Europe, yet we all hoped she would be back in time to graduate with us.

Jennie Cushing was elected Class President at the beginning of the year. We decided to choose a motto and so selected, "Climb, though the rocks be rugged," which we have all tried to live up to.

Our faculty had been increased to five this year, Miss Lipscombe and Mr. Gwartney being the new teachers.

In March an interclass track meet was held on the High School grounds. The Freshmen and Seniors struggled against the Sophs and Juniors, and, of course, the Seniors and Freshmen won the day with a score of 76 to 54.

On the 20th of March we planted our Palm with all due ceremony. In the morning when we came back to school we found it covered with lime, tin-cans, brush and lemons. We didn't mind the brush, lemons and tin-cans, but the lime was too much. Our beloved palm lived for a short time, but finally turned brown and died from the effects of the lime it had received. Of course this necessitated the procuring of a new palm, and thus far no vandalism has destroyed it.

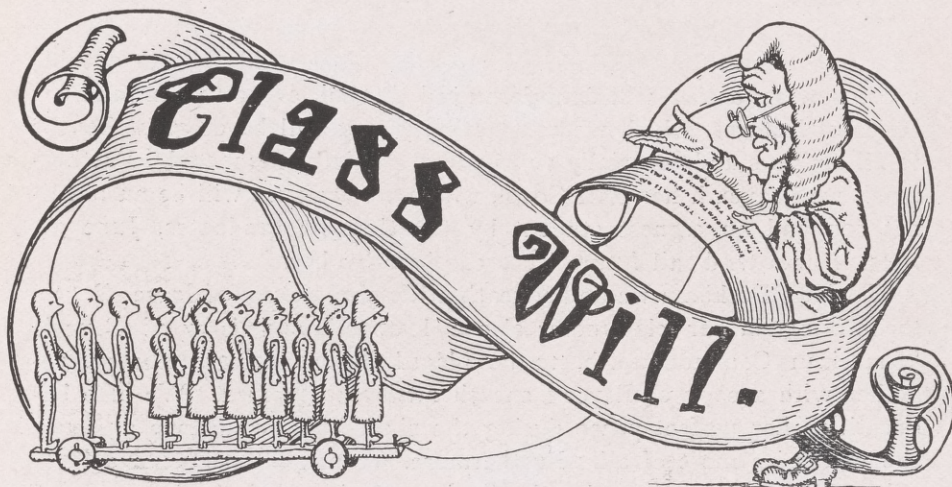
On the tenth of June a farce was presented by the Senior class, entitled "Diamonds and Hearts." This was a great success and the first class play given by the High School.

There were only a few more weeks left for us at the Mountain View High School. Some one has said that every individual has an influence on all whom he meets. Let it be hoped that the influence left by the class of 1909 may be a good and lasting one. Let us each remember our motto, "Climb, though the rocks be rugged," and try to live up to it, and also to the best that is in us, for in this way we can surely make a success of our lives,





		Frank Herbert		Charlie Nunn		Cyrus Berry	
	Leslie Morton		Hardy Charles		Joseph Urban		Roy Morton
Victor Smith		Reginald Harcourt		Bernard Mason		Francis O'Connor	



YSABEL MORTON, '09.



E, the Class of Nineteen Hundred Nine, being desirous of settling our worldly affairs and directing how our estates shall be disposed of after our departure, do make and publish this, our last will and testament, hereby revoking and making null and void, all other wills and testaments by us heretofore made.

As to our worldly estate, and all the property, real, personal, or mixed, to which we shall be entitled at the time of our departure, we devise, bequeath, and dispose thereof in manner following, to-wit:

Item 1.—The '09 Class do hereby bequeath to the trustees of the Mountain View High School a vote of thanks for their kindness during the four years of our stay in the school. All the favors which we have received from them have been greatly appreciated by the "Naughty Nines."

Item 2.—We devise and bequeath to the Faculty, jointly, peaceful days and freedom from all burdens caused by the Class of '09.

To Professor Albert L. Dornberger we do bequeath our sincere affection and best wishes. The "Naughty Nines" only wish he had been with them four years instead of three. We also give him a big stick to use on the boys who throw apple-cores, orange-peelings and tomatoes around the yard, but as the big stick may create too "sore a feeling" on account of the necessity of frequent usage, we suggest that it be padded.

To Professor Gwartney, who has been the inspiration of the Freshmen Class, we bequeath the Chemistry experiment $Ki+S_2$; the class of "Naughty Nine" never performed this experiment on account of being told that it might cause a dangerous explosion unless performed by an

experienced chemist. We also devise and bequeath to him the Seniors' appreciation of his scholarly attainments.

To Miss Williston we bequeath our deepest gratitude for her untiring efforts to reform the '09 Class. We also bequeath to her all our surplus vocal powers, as she will doubtless need them in order to continue her series of lectures, which we can truthfully say will be of great benefit to all auditors and especially so to persons chiefly connected. Furthermore, we bequeath her Earl Covel, whom we are sure will be an obedient son and an earnest student by the time he graduates, June 34, 1945, if he attends all future lectures given by her.

To Miss Peckham we do bequeath a life-size picture of James Bryce, to be hung in her classroom; also a leather bound copy of Bryce's "American Commonwealth, to be placed in her private library, together with a copy of Bryce's speech made at Stanford. We also bequeath to her perfect peace during the sixth hour, which we are sure she will prize most of all. Furthermore, we present her with a little volume of poems written by the Seniors, during their last two years' sojourn in the High School. Miss Peckham has been the inspiration of these poems and it is only just that the volume should be dedicated to her. The following is a verse taken from one of the selections:

"For goodness' sake, Frank, what is that,
A pink tea or tete-a-te?
Find out the lady's day at home
And visit her there, I pray."

To Miss Lipscombe we do bequeath a vote of thanks for her kind assistance in many different ways during the past year. The shorthand class thoughtfully give and present her about twenty shorthand note books, which it has filled from cover to cover, as souvenirs. As the class consisted of two students, prominent Seniors, the note books will probably be put on exhibition in a glass case as models for all future shorthand students. The Botany class respectfully bequeath to Miss Lipscombe all the potatoes, squash, turnips and onions it has raised this year; as the crop was very large we are sure it will bring in a handsome return.

Item 3.—To the present Junior Class we do give and bequeath a lemon grove owned by us in South Africa. But as there is a tariff on lemons we suggest that they dispose of their goods in some other country, as the profit on lemons here will probably be small. We know that the lemon business will not sour their naturally sweet dispositions, and as we know they are fond of this fruit we can rest in peace concerning this disposal of a valued piece of property. Furthermore, we bequeath them our best wishes for their future welfare and trust that they will always bear in mind their responsibilities as Seniors. May they, as a class, receive many blessings and their success be great in their last year at the dear old Mountain View High.

To the Sophomore Class we do give and bequeath two more bright, happy years of High School life. May the members of the '11 Class make use of every opportunity that presents itself and always look ahead, and strive onward and upward.

To the Freshman Class we bequeath our loving wishes and best hopes for their success in track as well as in school life. May their athletes always be among the winners in life's battles, just as they have been in their High School sports and studies. Fight hard, Freshmen; do not yield to any man; lean on yourselves; have confidence and your success will be assured.

Item 4.—The members of the '09 Class do present and bequeath to the various students of the Mountain View High School certain properties in the manner following:

To Ewart Brightman, the flower of the Junior Class, we each do give and bequeath five hairs, so that, if his hair continues to disappear as it has lately, he may have something with which to make a wig. As the hairs thus bequeathed are not all of the same color we advise that he die the same in black walnut dye, as that color will harmonize well with his fair complexion and and blue eyes.

John Sinz, the "Weary Willie" of the '09 Class, bequeathes his safety razor that wrought destruction to so many "pink whiskers" in the past years, to Raymond Mosher. As Raymond will probably not be in need of such an article for many years to come, it would be a good idea to have the razor packed and stored away for use in the far distant future.

The '09 Class also give and bequeath one of our charter members, Miss Fanny Distel, to the present Junior Class for one half year. As Fanny did not join us until January, she was not able to graduate with us in June; but will be taken under the kind care of the incoming Seniors until next January.

We, the girls of the '09 Class, do give and present the four vacant places on the Basket Ball Team to the girls of the Mountain View High School. We also bequeath to them the P. A. L. Championship, won by the team this year, and leave our best wishes for the triumph of the Mountain View High School Basket Ball Team in all future P. A. L. games.

Albert Dickson bequeathes to the Mountain View High School Library a short book written by himself on "How to Blush Becomingly." This article is exceedingly well written and shows that the author knew his subject well. The book contains some fine colored illustrations; some taken from Robert Hodgson and some from the author himself. Anyone who would like advise along this line may procure the book by applying at the High School Library.

Agnes Urban wills and devises all her artistic ability to the drawing class. She also wills all her possessions in Los Altos, with her interest in the nobility there, to anyone who will care for them as deeply

and sincerely as she has. If anyone is especially interested in that line and wishes to look into the matter, he will be able to obtain valuable information on the subject by addressing "The Earl of Los Altos, Los Altos, California."

Jennie Cushing wills a large collection of different varieties of dead flowers, most of them having been pressed, and a thick bundle of letters to the Mountain View High School toward the starting of a museum there. As her collection is, indeed, a curiosity, we are sure it will be received with great enthusiasm. All the articles thus bequeathed are labelled, short notes having been written by the donor explaining how, when and where they have been received by her. In these explanations the students of Mountain View High School will find many names familiar to them, many being among the alumni, some being still in High School and others though not members of the High School, well known to the students.

Mary Eastwood gives and bequeathes her Civics book to the incoming Seniors with the advice, "Do not look at a Civics book more than once a week, the effect is liable to be fatal. Mary also bequeathes a set of books in six volumes concerning "Frenzied Finance." She is well versed in the laws of economy and is well equipped with knowledge for such a subject. These books are bequeathed to the Freshmen Class since Mary thought they stood more in need of such knowledge than any other class or person with whom she was acquainted.

Mariam Burton gives and bequeathes to the Junior Class an excellent essay setting forth her ideas on "Woman Suffrage." Much of the material was gathered from the brilliant debates on the subject in the Civics Class. These debates were intensely interesting and all the students expressed their views, sometimes in quartettes, sometimes in sextetts. Miriam also bequeathes a new invention of the pop-gun to be used for revenge on Joseph Urban for maintaining in a debate on this all important question that "women were weak, mentally as well as physically, and therefore should not be given the ballot." She says the '09 Class disproves this point.

Roy Frick wills his beloved German Grammar to the High School, to be put on exhibition in the proposed museum. This book illustrates the wear and tear caused by a continuous study of German by a studious Senior, the book being almost as good as new.

Nellie Garliepp bequeathes to the High School students several select essays on the evil effects of rib fracturing hay-rides. As Nellie has had experience, she surely ought to be well versed in her subject. We call your attention to the following excellent advice to be found on the first page: "In case of a runaway one should not wait for the horses to stop; but if the jolting thus caused should be too exhilarating one should rise carefully to a standing position, poise himself gracefully on the end of the wagon, in the attitude always taken by Mercury, and then step over the edge of the vehicle to the ground (that is, if the wagon doesn't col-

lide with a telegraph pole first, and throw you out unceremoniously)."

Ysabel Morton wills to the Mountain View High School Library a short book written by her, narrating how one would use the sixth hour in the day, if it should happen to be a study period. She has noted down several special entertainments in which members of the '09 Class have indulged, and which were great successes as far as the students were concerned, although Miss Peckham couldn't see the point and inquired if it were a pink tea, or if the student had brain fatigue.

The members of the '09 Class will and bequeath to Mr. Davidson, the beloved friend of the High School, all the ants that had such an obnoxious habit of getting into our lunch baskets every day. We also will him a few more peaceful moments in life and hope that he will soon regain the flesh he lost in keeping track of all the tennis shoes, tennis rackets, basket balls and lunch baskets.

Rosa Baker gives and bequeathes to the Mountain View High School a set of plans for the building of a reform school for the improvement of several students in the High School. The institute will be built principally for the use of the Freshmen. She also bequeathes the example of her sunny disposition which has made the Red Rose beloved.

In witness whereof, we have hereunto set our hand and seal, the seventeenth day of June, in the year of our Lord One Thousand Nine Hundred and Nine.

CLASS OF NINETEEN NINE.



A Sail in the Moon

DELMA PHELPS, '11.



It was a hot summer evening, with scarcely a breath of wind stirring. High in the silent heaven, dotted with its myriads of stars, shone the crescent moon. As I lay in the hammock gazing up at it, it looked more and more like a great silver boat on a boundless sea.

Suddenly from over the edge appeared a small man.

Before I had recovered from my astonishment the moon beams formed a ladder down which he came and landed beside me. Bowing, he said: "You have an invitation to a party given by Mars; I will take you in my boat." It looked so cool and lovely up there, that I hastened to ascend the ladder with him.

You cannot imagine, unless you have been there what a cozy little boat the moon makes. The man, who, of course, was the man in the moon, pushed off down the Milky-way. All around stretched the sky like a vast ocean, its only inhabitants, the stars, winked and blinked at

us. As we sailed on we heard a frightful noise and a minute later saw the Great Bear pounding around and growling loudly. We soon learned that the archer, while out hunting with Diana had wounded the Little Bear with the arrow and had barely escaped from the clutches of the big bear.

Nothing further happened except that the Crab, in his playful way, nipped at the Bull, who blamed the Goat. They had quite an exciting encounter, and for a few minutes saw stars.

"If we hurry," said my companion, "we can get there in time to see the guests arrive; they will probably look queer to you." We seemed to glide down the Milky-way without any effort. Finally in the distance loomed up a large, brilliant globe, and, sure enough, on its surface were the much talked-of canals, at present covered with gay boats filled with guests approaching the palace a few rods from us.

As we landed the Dog Star snapped at us, but as he was chained we got up the steps safely. In the great reception hall stood Mars, clad in his usual suit of armor. Beside him was his sister, Venus, stately and beautiful, who greeted us graciously, saying that it was not often that an earth child visited them. Just then Jupiter and Juno arrived with the twins. "They wouldn't be good so we had to bring them," she explained. Slowly the great room filled with this remarkable company. Neptune and Circe, who had come from their watery home, had to go out often for a dip in the milky way. Poor Saturn could not get very close to anyone on account of his rings, which, though they added greatly to his brilliancy, were very loathsome. Hercules, with his giant club, with rather terrifying; still he was always surrounded by a group of admiring maidens who listened, awestruck, to his stories. As usual Pandora's curiosity got her in trouble. In wandering around she accidentally lighted on the Crab, who had been canned for safe-keeping, and after she had torn herself away with the assistance of Mercury, she retired to a corner for the evening. They sang all the songs of the day, or I suppose I should say, of the night, and danced the barn-dance.

Finally, as they were in the midst of the fun the man came up and said we must go. We slipped out, but just as I was climbing into the boat a wind came up and I was tossed out. I soon seemed to strike with a bump, and opened my eyes to discover that I had fallen from the hammock onto the porch.





NOTHER year has passed, and it has been the most successful year that this High School has ever had. The students have shown a more enthusiastic spirit in taking up their studies, and athletics have gone forward with a vim as yet unequaled here.

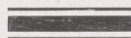
The enrollment this year has averaged about ninety, and if the school continues to grow with the rapidity that it has lately, it will be necessary to enlarge the building. Many additions to the better equipment of the school have been made during the past year. We can now boast of a chemical laboratory and a physics laboratory fully equipped with all conveniences, thanks to our kind trustees. Since mechanical drawing has been introduced into the High School course, drawing tables have been provided and all material necessary for this work. The Botany course has been very materially strengthened by the addition of a first class microscope, making it possible to do the work as required by the universities.

Yet with all these various class equipments so generously added by the school board, we are still in great need of an assembly hall, where the entire school can be gathered for any of the various occasions that arise during the year for a general assembly, and where the students can do the greater part of their studying. At present it is necessary for the classes not in recitation to study during the time that another class is reciting, making it doubly hard for the teacher as well as the student, and class.

The editor is of the opinion that if the patrons of the school realized the great need of an assembly hall, that it would not be long before the Mountain View High School would be provided with one and be in line with other High Schools.

We tender our advertisers a vote of thanks for the assistance they have rendered us in putting out this number of "The Blue and Gray." Our advertising section is small this year owing to the plea of "hard times" made by so many merchants. Even many of the Mountain View merchants would not stand by us, which, of course, was quite a surprise to us. It seems as though almost every business house in Mountain View might at least do a small amount of advertising in order to help out the High School paper.

We request our readers to look over our advertising columns carefully and patronize the advertisers found there, as we can recommend them all as the very best, and feel certain that money spent with them will be money well spent.



Resolutions of Sympathy

Whereas, It has pleased Divine Providence to call from our midst Mrs. Adaline Morgan, the loved sister of our schoolmate Marguerite Ponce, and

Whereas, We all realize the great sorrow caused by the loss of our loved ones, therefore be it

Resolved, That we the Students and Faculty of the Mountain View High School extend to the family our deepest sympathy, and be it further

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family of the deceased and also to the Blue and Gray for publication.

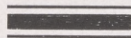
Gertrude C. Peckham

J. G. Gwartney

Marion Wieger

Ysabel Morton

Committee.





JOHN SINZ, '09.



THE showing made this year in athletics has more than kept pace with the good record made last year. A larger enrollment has brought some very promising material into the field, and allowed us to enter men in new events.

This advance in athletic record has not been attained by the lowering of the scholarship standard. Only a few have been debarred on account of standing, and then not our best men. A better school spirit and a more marked efficiency in athletics has been developed this semester, and it is to be hoped that each year will increase both to an equal degree.

FOOT BALL.

Football was not taken up until rather late in the season by our boys. Considerable discussion arose as to whether they should play Inter-collegiate, which they all knew, or Rugby. Finally the latter was chosen and training commenced.

From the start our boys were under difficulties, as none of them had played Rugby before and few knew anything about the game, and no proficient coach was available. But, undaunted, the boys continued working on the plays and later were stimulated to harder efforts by a new student who had played the game and offered to serve as coach.

On October 15th the boys felt strong enough to try conclusions with an outside team, and played Hoyt's of Palo Alto, on the latter's ground. Lack of experience caused our defeat by a score of 3 to 0, but showed that our men had the right spirit necessary to a rising team.

After a week's practice a game was called with the Santa Clara College Juniors on the College grounds, and again our boys showed their indomitable spirit; but lack of experience and organization again showed its power, and after a stubbornly fought game, the score stood 9 to 3 in favor of the Mission boys.

BASEBALL.

Baseball made a rather unsatisfactory showing this year, although it was taken up with a keen enough spirit by some, and the material was good; but some of the team would not get down to systematic practice as they should, and the result was a general loss of efficiency on the team.

The first game was played with the Pacific Press team from town and resulted in a victory for us by a score of 8 to 7.

A game with Los Gatos was played shortly afterwards and the score stood 9 to 2 in favor of the visitors.

The next team to cross bats with us was Morgan Hill, whom we beat to the sorrowful tune of 16 to 1.

This was all the ball played before winter set in, and up to the time of this issue only one game was played in the new season. This was played with Campbell at Los Gatos on May 1, as part of the games of the May day fete in that town.

On account of a pair of frightened horses, the wagon containing a crowd from our school, and many of our players, collided with a telegraph pole, and though not severely injured, several players were unable to play ball. This caused our defeat at the hands of Campbell by a score of—by kind permission, I refer you to the Campbell "Oriole."

TRACK.

Our chief source of pride and glory this year has been in our track. This has more than grown in number and efficiency with the increase in our enrollment, and much promising new material has been added from which the school may hope to reap new honors, while some of our older members have shown up in such a manner as to warrant our watching and listening for their names when they have entered college.

The first track event took place on March 3rd, when the Seniors and Freshmen entered a team against the Juniors and Sophmores. This was no record-breaking affair, but probably nothing done before by the school aroused such enthusiasm and school spirit. Each side was out with class colors and yells and each man was urged on to his best, making a meet that was full of snap and ginger from beginning to end. Though a closer score was expected, the Seniors and Freshmen won by 76 to 54.

The honors of the I. A. U. were easily taken by our team again this year. This proved the main event of our track season and rooters were out in force and gave their aid to the splendid efforts of our men. Our team showed a marked superiority over the teams of Los Gatos and Campbell, taking 10 first places out of 14 events, besides winning the relay.

The gold medal offered by the League to the individual making the highest number of points, was awarded to Joe Urban of our team, who won 20 points out of a score of 78 to 52 for Los Gatos and 13 for Campbell. The places secured by our men were as follows:

- 1 mile—Roy Morton first, Francis O'Connor second.
- 220 yard dash—Leslie Morton second.
- High jump—Will Goodwin first.
- 440 yard dash—Leslie Morton first.
- 50 yard dash—Joe Urban first.
- 100 yard dash—Joe Urban first.

Pole vault—Bernard Mason first.
120 hurdles—Will Goodwin first.
220 hurdles—Joe Urban first, Bernard Mason second.
Shot put—Cyrus Berry third.
880 yard run—Leslie Morton second.
2 mile—Roy Morton first, Francis O'Connor second.
Broad jump—Joe Urban first.
Relay won by Joe Urban, Will Goodwin, Bernard Mason, Leslie Morton.

In the P A. L. this year our team was credited with more points than ever before won by us in that League. This League, consisting of the first class high schools of the country, has always offered a poor field to our school, but we are gradually showing our right to recognition in its meets. In the two-mile run Roy Morton made first and Francis O'Connor second, while Joe Urban was first in the 220 hurdles and second in the broad jump.

In keeping with the Marathon fad of the season, we have developed one runner in the person of Francis O'Connor, who entered the run from San Jose to Los Gatos on May 1st. Of all contestants he finished fifteenth and of all high school entries first. Considering that some professional runners were in this race, it is not a bad showing by any means.

BASKET BALL.

Again Mountain View High School is hailed as champions of the P. A. L. in basket ball. As shown last year, the girls have done their share in winning laurels for the school, and always in such a sportsmanlike manner as to win the respect and admiration of all the teams they have played.

The first game was with our old and strongest opponent of last year, Santa Clara. They failed to put in as strong a team as last year, and in place of the hard fought battles, our girls won in an easy manner by a score of 29 to 7. Another game was played later and again we won, this time by 36 to 14.

A hard game was expected with San Jose, owing to the large number of students enrolled in their school, before we could obtain the championship, but our team went in with a determination to win, and win they did, defeating the team of the largest school in the county by a score of 36 to 10.

Two practice games were played during the season, both of which we lost, the first with Stanford University and the second with Campbell. Some of our best players were absent at the practice game with Campbell, and this accounts for our defeat.

TENNIS.

Tennis did not receive the attention this season that has been given to it in former years. This has probably been due to the zeal shown for the track, and the poor condition of our courts, but what work was done, though started too late and not done persistently enough, has shown some of our boys to have very good ability at wielding the racket.

This excellent game surely ought to be promoted in every way possible, and next year ought to see the courts fixed up in good shape early in the season, so as to allow steady and conscientious practice.

No victories have as yet graced their efforts, but with a little more effort on the part of the players that have shown up this year, we can expect to turn the tables next year.

The first tryout was with Los Gatos in doubles, Smith and Ames defending our colors against DeGolia and Irons. Some good work was displayed on both sides and after a lively game the latter won by 6-3, 7-5 and 7-9.

On May 1st the singles were played off and Smith was defeated by DeGolia by 6-4 and 7-5.

Campbell, too, proved our superiors in tennis. They played a good fast game against our team, only showing more clearly our need of good, systematic practice.

Smith and Ames represented us again, and were defeated in both singles and doubles.



A Ride to Los Gatos

REGNALD HARCOURT, '12.



EVER since I was big enough to wear knee trousers I have attended some kind of a celebration on May 1st. The time of this story was on May 1, 1909. There was a big celebration at Los Gatos, a city with a population nearly as large as that of Los Altos. So a few of us prominent citizens of Mountain View decided to go.

The boys got a large fruit wagon filled with hay and hired two horses from the town stable. The girls prepared the lunch, and we started for Los Gatos.

Leaving Mountain View we went to Sunnyvale and took aboard a few of the prominent citizens of that town. Then we started for Los Gatos once again.

Everything went well and everybody was happy until we came to a hill just before we reached Saratoga. The hill was rather steep, so a few of the passengers got out, saying they would prefer walking.

There was no brake on the wagon, and we did not block the wheels but simply started down the hill, and down we certainly went. About half way down the traces came unfastened and as they swung against the horses' flanks they became frightened and started to pull outward. As the wagon was swaying from side to side, the tongue dropped and the horses decided they needed exercise and were off. Just as they left the wagon and its occupants to care for themselves, the wagon became angry at being treated in this manner, and for revenge ran into a telegraph pole.

The driver, having nothing to do, now that the horses were gone, took a notion that he was the champion high diver of the world and took a high dive into the air and landed on his left shoulder. To make it a real accident some one had to be hurt, and this is how the injured came out:

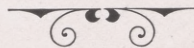
One young lady hurt her back, and her two floating ribs changed places. Another lady hurt her neck; one of the muscles did an acrobatic stunt and tied itself in a knot. Another lady, the chaperon, hurt her hand, evidently she wanted to grab some one and in doing so hit her hand against the atmosphere. The young lady who was keeping the driver company wanted to be the heroine, so she grabbed the telegraph pole and prevented the wagon from going into the creek. The driver was the only one hurt, as the rest of them had thought they needed exercise and so had jumped off and run behind before the wagon had collided with the pole.

After everyone got out and told how he had enjoyed himself, we sent two boys to run the Marathon after the horses. It was an exciting race; no one knew which was going to win. The horses were in the lead until the twenty-fifth mile, third lap, third yard, when one of the horses got a boulder in his shoe and had to stop, take his shoe off and hunt for the boulder. This caused a slight delay and the boys caught up and passed the horses and won. They were then presented with a most beautiful prize of walking back and hitching up again.

After we disconnected the wagon from the pole and replaced the horses in their former positions and were ready to start, some of the timid people declared they wouldn't ride in that wagon again, because they thought it was real mean to make those poor horses carry such a big load all the way to Los Gatos. But when told that if they didn't want to ride they could walk, and as we were only fifteen miles from there, they decided they didn't need the exercise and climbed in.

Everybody stayed on while the road was level, but when we came to a depression in its surface all would get out, chain the wheels, and the driver would hold the horses in tight until we got over the dangerous place. Then we would take off the chains, get in and go on until we came to another one. We kept this up until we came to Los Gatos.

We arrived at Los Gatos just as the parade was forming. We held a mass meeting and decided by a majority vote that, as there was no silver cup given for the "horribles," we wouldn't enter the parade. So we drove into the woods and after putting the horses to sleep went out to enjoy the day.



Organizations

JENNIE CUSHING, '09.

STUDENT BODY.



OUNTAIN View High School has had a Student Body for seven years and it has proved one of the most important organizations. Its membership has increased from year to year, until now almost every student in the school is a member, making a total of about ninety.

The main purpose of the Student Body is to carry on student activities, thus uniting them in one body, and they are brought into closer contact with each other and a spirit of unity is developed.

The Student Body has borne the expenses of representatives to the P. A. L. and the I. A. U., besides financially supporting the Girls' Basket Ball, Boys' Football and Baseball teams. It has also provided volley and Boston balls for the students who do not care to enter into other sports. On account of the increased expense of the organization it became necessary this year to double the amount of the dues, which is now fifty cents a semester.

The Student Body has the hearty co-operation of all its members, which thus insures its success as the central organization of the High School.

ATHENAEUM LITERARY SOCIETY.

The Athenaeum Literary Society was organized February 2, 1909, with a membership of eighty-three.

Its object is the mutual improvement of its members in composition, debating, impromptu speaking and Parliamentary law.

The meetings are held every alternating Wednesday, during the school term. The programs are arranged by a program committee of three, which acts for one semester.

The officers of the society are: Albert Dickson, President; Dorothy Norris, Vice-President; Ysabel Morton, Secretary and Treasurer.

The meetings have been very beneficial to the members, and each one has always prepared his part of the program very conscientiously. If anyone should fail in the attempt to present the part assigned him,

or should not prepare his number, he is given a chance to make up the work at the next meeting. Anyone who is not a student in the High School may become a member of the Literary Society with the consent of the Principal and by an affirmative vote of the Society.

It is to be hoped that the Athenaeum Literary Society will remain a permanent organization of this school. Such a society was formed here about two years ago, but was not a success, and after a short time disbanded on account of the slight interest taken in it by the students. This time the organization must be fostered and every student must do his best to make it a success, for it will confer a lasting benefit on all.

GLEE CLUB.

The Glee Club can now look back upon a very successful year's work and thank the excellent instructors it has had during that time. The Club began its work in September, 1908, under the able direction of Mrs. W. C. Spaan, a graduate of King's Conservatory of Music in San Jose, and continued under her leadership during the first semester.

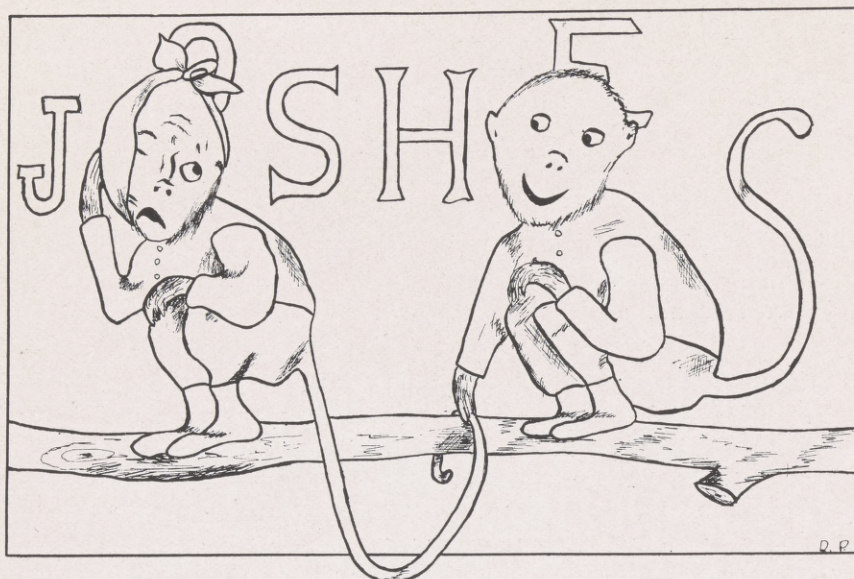
In January, 1909, Miss Agnes Woodward of Los Angeles, a graduate of the Thomas Normal Training School of Detroit, Mich., and former Supervisor of Music in Ohio, became our director, which position she occupies at the present time. Miss Woodward has had a great deal of experience in choral work in Los Angeles, and under her excellent leadership the Glee Club has made rapid progress.

The Glee Club gave a concert on April 17, 1909, which was received with great enthusiasm by the public, and pronounced a great success in every particular.

The membership roll shows a marked increase from last year and the Glee Club now numbers thirty-six. New members have been coming in lately, and all have worked with a will, thus making a success of all the Club has undertaken.

We hope that the incoming Freshmen will not forget the Glee Club and will all do their best to help maintain the reputation already gained by this Club. But since "a word to the wise is sufficient," we will say nothing further on this subject and leave it to them.





'We are not only witty in ourselves,
But the cause that wit is in other men."
—SHAKESPEARE.

I have racked my brains for joshes,
Till my head is now quite sore;
I've kept tugging at the students,
'Till I can't get any more.
At last I've produced these joshes,
For pleasure, not for pelf,
And now if you don't like them,
You can just write some yourself.

Joseph P. (quoting from L'Allegro)—"Then to the well trod stage,
anon, if Johnson's socks be on."

Arlie C. (In English history)—"Do the 'Turkeys have the right of
petition?"

Miss P. (referring to a Freshman who is making a noise)—"Just wait
a minute 'till the infant keeps his feet still."

First Student—"They cut the dykes and thus prevented Louis XIV
from invading Holland."

Second Student—"How did they get the water out again?"

Irene W.—"Didn't they carry it out in pails?"

M. B. (reading of Satan's downfall in Paradise Lost)—"Doesn't it say
it was bottomless perdition into which Satan and his angels fell?"

Teacher—"Yes."

M. B.—"Then, I don't see how they ever landed."

QUERIES.

- 1.—What happened on the hay ride to Los Gatos?
- 2.—Why does Albert dream in German class?
- 3.—Why is it Henri-ette-a-Drake?
- 4.—Who is Catherine's latest?
- 5.—Can you find many Marguerites in a Mayfield?
- 6.—Why does Ysabel always say, "O, Dear?"
- 7.—Why are the Sophs so angelic?
- 8.—What makes Dan look so thin lately?
- 9.—Why is Leslie so bashful?
- 10.—What makes Robert turn so red?
- 11.—How far is it from Mayfield to Mountain View when you're hitting the railroad track in a pouring down rain?
- 12.—Is it the rise or downfall of Adam that Agnes U. is interested in?
- 13.—How did it happen that Leslie carried Fanny's suit case to the station and then rode home alone?
- 14.—Why doesn't Cy go to the Post Office after the mail any more?
- 15.—Who is Victor's latest?
- 17.—Who's picture does Ysabel wear in her locket?
- 18.—Is Frank Herbert as harmless as Miss Peckham says he is?
- 19.—Whose coat sleeve did Jennie have for a belt coming home from Los Gatos?
- 20.—What causes Albert to see two stars when there's only one?
- 21.—Don't Roses grow in Earl's garden any more?
- 22.—Why does Mary say: "No, thank you; none (Nunn) for me"?
- 23.—Why is Le Roy learning, "Don't you remember Sweet Alice, Ben Bolt?"
- 24.—Whose fraternity pin is Rosa Wearing?
- 25.—Is Arlie any relation to the noted prize fighter?
- 26.—Why did Otilie and Will stand on the crossing so long one night waiting for Vina?
- 27.—What time does Tibby arise?
- 28.—Why is Ewart such a Brightman?
- 29.—Isn't Will a Goodwin?
- 30.—Is Rose really a Baker?
- 31.—How does Ben Wright?
- 32.—What are Dan's Ames?
- 33.—Why are you so Hardy, Charles?
- 34.—Why is it that John Sinz?
- 35.—Whose Lame (lamby) is Fred?
- 36.—Is Albert Dick (s) son?
- 37.—Would Charlie like to be a Freshman some Moore?
- 38.—Will Albert Byrne or is he too green?

Frank—"Looking for a snap, are you?"

Ewart—"Of course. Can you suggest something?"

Frank—"Strike the wireless telephone company of Los Altos for a job as lineman."

"DOC."

"I've had a case on almost every girl in school,
And surely I have played well at the fool;
This term is nearly over and next year—what then?
I know, I'll do the stunt all o'er again."

Dan—"Please may I get a drink?"

Miss P.—"Yes, but go quietly so that no one will know that I am excusing half the class."

Albert (translating German)—"One could see the voices through the cloud."

John (in Civics)—"I hear the tariff on lemons has been raised."

Jennie—"Good, now maybe we won't get so many."

Martha A. (giving quotation in Literary Society)—"I am a part of all I have met."

Miss P.—"Is that a pink tea?"

Freshie—"No, it's green."

Teacher—"Are you sure you are making all the noise you can?"

Dan (indignantly)—"I'm not making any more than my share."

Teacher—"Well, your's is the lion's share."

Marguerite P. (quoting from Tennyson in Literary Society)—

"I know not if I know what true love is,
But if I know, then, if I love not him,
Methinks there is none other I can love."

(Smiles from students.)

If you want to know anything about the address Ambassador Bryce gave at Stanford, ask the Senior Civics Class. They know.

Instructor—"I think we'd better have an examination."

Fanny—"No, it wouldn't be fair, because we can say lots of things that we can't write."

Teacher—"If a person lives alone he gets narrow."

Mary—"Then I'll try it."

NOTICE—Frank O'Connell and Charles Moore have opened a hair-dressing establishment on Castro street. They will do up your hair (not you) and sew on your buttons for 17 3-4c. Albert Bryne, Bruce Hight and Victor Smith are their models.

In Glee Club (Earl prolonging the last note beyond the rest)—"She slee-e-e-e-e-eps."

Miss W.—"Mercy; don't let her sleep all day."

THE MAY "DAY" GAME.

Battery—Cupid and Kitty.

7:30—Play Ball!

Gid Ap!

Berry at the bat!

Hardy on deck!

10:30—Strike three and out (at the bottom of Saratoga Hill).

Hardy at the bat!

Doc on deck!

Struck by pitcher! get a substitute!

6:30—Doc at the bat!

Hurrah! A clear field and a home runner!

TWO MONKEYS OF THE SCHOOL

MISS L.
OUR NEW TEACHER

JOHN P.G.

MISS W.

HIS MASTER

ROY M.

RAYMOND
JUST A FRESHMAN
BUT OH MY!

GEORGIA

ROSA

JOE P.

DAN

MIRIAM

EWART

VICTOR

BERNARD

MR. D.

MARVE.

YSABEL

ALBERT

BEN W.

JOHN S. HAS
BECOME AN
UNEXCELED
VIOLINIST,
HE CAN PLAY
WITH HIS
LEFT HAND.

FRANCIS
FINISHING THE MILE.

THE REVENGE

FINAL FATE
OF THE
ARTIST

WHY?

JENNIE

THE SENIORS.

Hobby.	Nick-name.	Aim in life.
John—Rough-housing	Pink Whiskers	To be a millionaire
Fanny—Making hits	Fancy	To be a cougher (Kauf-fer)
Albert—Blushing	Ab.	To go to sleep
Jennie—Queening	Pig	To get some Bacon
Rosa—Using slang	Red Rose	Woman's suffrage
Roy—Looking wise (?)	Heinrich	To be a German Profes-sor
Mary—Writing ten-der sentiments	Dearie	To be a Nun (n)
Agnes—Cutting up	Agnews	To marry an earl
Ysabel—Arriving at school at 9:04.	Tibby	To play two pianos at once
Nellie—Having a good time	Sister	To say a thousand words a minute
Mariam—Glee Club excuses	Frieda	To get joshes.

Dan—"Miss Peckham, I am really too warm. May I change my seat?"

Miss P.—"Well, if you can't stand any more heat than that, you'd better reform."

Hello, Francis! How's the weather up there?

Prof. G.—(to Freshman class)—"Pay attention and you'll know just as much in five years from now as you will if you don't."

Winifred is a Sophomore,
She gazes different ways,
But everytime she looks at Frank
Her heart is in a Maze.

N. B.—We wonder why Ben is taking so much trouble to attract the attention of a certain young lady who sits in the seventh seat in the second row from the wall during the second hour? He even went so far as to put a rose in his hair and then ask her for a hair pin. Poor Ben! This is a late attack.

Prof. D. (coming into the Senior class meeting)—"This is a pretty good-looking class, isn't it. (Spies John behind the door). "O, I didn't see you, John."

Sophomore, Sophomore, Sophomore, Tim,
What in the world makes you so slim?
Do they feed you on vinegar, or why do you pine?
I know: It's the lemon she gave you last time.

Miss W. (in Freshman Latin class)—"Where is your book, Ben?"

Ben—"I left it in the other room."

Miss W.—"Well, Ben! Where is your head?"

Ben (misunderstanding)—"I said I left it in the other room."

FAVORITE FLOWERS OR TREES.

Bernard Mason	Marguerite
Jennie Cushing	Johnny-jump-up
Fanny Distel	Sweet William
Catherine Day	Hardy Perpetuals
Electa Birkett	St. Joseph Lilies
Hardy Charles	Pussy (Kitty) Willows
Miss Williston	Senior Class
Freshman Class	Evergreen Tree
Junior Class	Senior's Dead Palm

Miss P. (teaching Dan to pronounce a word by syllables)—“How do you pronounce f-a-t, Dan?”

Who is the lad with the “angel face?” Ask Marguerite Keel, perhaps she knows.

Leslie M. (reading in English)—“Sometimes a smile and a metaphor are combined.”

Miss L.—“What does the word amputate mean?”

Edith H.—“Don't that mean something good to eat.”

Ysabel (translating German)—“A heavy silence could be audibly heard echoing through the halls.”

Helen D. (in drawing class)—“Well, Miss Lipscombe, if you close your eyes you can hardly see anything.”

Jennie (on the way home from Los Gatos at 1 p. m.)—“Gee! if we don't hurry up and get home, I'll have Bacon for breakfast.”

Roy F. (declining “ein” in German)—“Ein-eine-eines (Inez).” (Loud applause from class.)

Miss P. (to Joseph)—“Are you laboring under the delusion that it's 3:15? If so you'd better have your head examined.”

We wonder what for?

LOST.

A crop of hair of a golden reddish hue. Finder please return to John Sinz.

A rattle. Return to Frank Herbert.

Two dozen notes. Finder return to Catherine Day and receive reward.

A heart. Finder please return to Jennie Cushing.

A voice. Please return to Eva Newman.

A rag doll. Return to Dorothy Norris.

Two years' growth. Return to Bessie Harcourt or Albert Byrne.

A girl. Return to Merle Job and receive a large reward.

During the month of May a week's sleep. Return to Ysabel Morton.

Fifty pounds. Return to Francis O'Connor.

“I need a rest,” remarked hard-working Earl Covel, going over to the calendar and taking a day off.

“CANST THOU DENY IT?”



ALUMNI



1904.

Edward Green has passed the teachers' civil service examination and expects to go to the Philippines soon to enter the field of teaching.

1905.

Alice Whittemore is at present engaged in teaching the third grade in the Mountain View Grammar School.

1906.

John Bubb and Rose Sturla, our only representatives at college, are now Stanford Seniors.

Louis Wagner has severed connections with the Red Cross Pharmacy and is now traveling through the southern part of the State in the interest of a San Francisco wholesale house.

Edna Higgins, now Mrs. S. V. Adatto, is living in San Jose.

Willard Ayer is employed in the Electrical Sub-station at Redwood City.

Ruby Trubschenck is now teaching Young America "readin', ritin' and rithmetic" in the Sunnyvale Grammar School.

1907.

Mae Cushing and Charles Atkins have graduated from the San Jose Normal and expect to enter the teaching profession soon.

1908.

Will Goodwin has been taking a post graduate course at Mountain View High School and will enter Stanford at the beginning of the new term.

Alice Chapman has been teaching school at Long Beach for the past year.

Addie Chapman has finished her first year at Normal.

William Garliepp has a position as clerk in the Capitol Hotel, Sacramento.

Claude Shull is occupied in imparting his knowledge to young hopefuls in the Western Normal Institute, Lodi, California.

Alice Hill is at her home in Mountain View.

Barbara Knox has finished a year's work at the Conservatory of Music of the University of the Pacific.

Henrietta Bar has a business position in Palo Alto.

Max Ish is employed as baggage clerk at the Palo Alto depot.

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Freshman—"Gee, I wish I hadn't eaten so much pie."

Senior—"Why? Feel sick?"

Freshman—"No, but I'd like to eat some more."—Ex.



Teacher—"Little boy, how dirty your face is!"

Boy—"Yes'm, we ain't had no company for a week."—Ex.

Theo. Meyer



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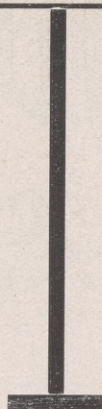


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Mountain View

Found on the fly-leaf of "Deacon" Harcourt's Physical Geography:--
They met on the bridge at midnight,
But they'll never meet again,
For she was a Jersey Heifer
And he was an east-bound train.



Little Boy—"Pa, what is a football coach?"
Pa—"The ambulance I should suppose."—Ex.

BILLY HOBSON

THAT'S ALL

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Mountain View Creamery The Best and Freshest Fruit, Vegetables, Eggs and Butter. INSPECT OUR STORE Phone Main 193 Mountain View	SEE! GARLIEPP'S ADD <i>Two Pages Forward and Patronize Him : : :</i>
A FAMILY AFFAIR. "Cordelia," ordered the teacher, "throw that gum in the waste-basket." The pupil's face grew scarlet, but she did not stir. "If you do not put that gum in the waste-basket immediately, I will send you out of the room," said the teacher gravely. The girl walked reluctantly to the desk. "I can't, teacher," she con- fessed, "it's ma's gum and she'll lick me if I come home without it."—Ex.	
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The Lowest Prices

Dry Goods, Clothing
and Furnishings

Palo Alto,

California

Found in the back of Eunice's Algebra:--

"Absence makes the heart grow fonder,
Peroxide makes the hair grow blonder."



Teacher—"Johnny, use the word 'debate' in a sentence."

Johnny—"When I goes fishing, I spits on debate."—Ex.

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The logo for Copeland & Co. features a crest on the left with a shield containing the letter 'C', topped with a crown and flanked by decorative flourishes. To the right of the crest, the name 'Copeland & Co' is written in a large, elegant, cursive script.

Copeland & Co

146-148 South First St.

SAN JOSE

FOUND

Three ounces of wisdom. Any Freshman owning same apply, to the Sophomore Class.

Behind Dan's desk, a handful of hair.

A life-sized doll with real hair and eyes that open and shut. Any Freshman owning same apply to editor's office.

A bunch of lemons. Apply to Eunice Beverley.

Under the oak tree, a Freshman's go-cart. After this the children will please take their vehicles home.

Joe U. (to bashful Freshman)—
"When I first looked into your eyes
the blue of the sky faded."

Bashful Freshman Girl—"When I
first met you, the grass appeared less
green."

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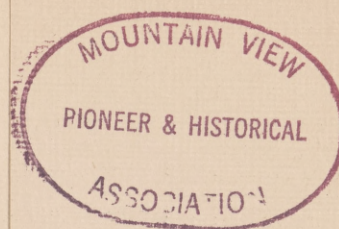
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